Ryoshu ID:: N Corp. E.G.O::Contempt, Awe

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by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Hatesex hatesex hatesex hatesex

Notes

Okay this is like super omega fucking chopped kind of not really

I initially wrote most of this around the time this id came out and left it to rot, dialogue wise I can clearly tell it doesn't fit this ryoshu lol you don't need to tell me. It sounds way more like regular ryoshu then it does like Jia Huan/Contemptshu but idrc I like using sangria.

I'll have an index at the end of the second chapter so dw too much.

Hatesex is peak and I want this ryoshu to like actually fuck me up half naked in the back of a car while we fight for our lives ALSO TRANS MASC RYO RAGHHHHHGHH LET ME LICK THOSE TOP SCARS

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

Chapter 1

Urgh. What a fucking pigsty.

The air in the underground den was too thick to breathe properly, heavy with the coppery tang of an abattoir. You could literally feel the weight of iron, salt, and ruptured intestines that coated the back of your throat. Every surface, every wall, every cracked tile of this miserable syndicate hideout was slick with a fresh, crimson varnish.

Your job was done. Hermann’s new toys worked, just as they were supposed to. The syndicate members all subjected to a bloody massacre without a chance of protest.

Bodies were strewn like a toddler’s discarded playthings. One man was practically nailed to the wall, the jagged, golden serrations of Ryoshu's scabbard pinning him there, his torso split wide open, intestines looping down to pool on the floor like party streamers.

Another was a mere suggestion of a person, reduced to a heap of pulped meat and shattered bone after being dug into. Limbs were scattered with abandon—a hand here, a foot still in its boot over there. A mess of viscera, and you felt like you were going to be sick.

You meticulously wiped your own, comparatively clean weapon on the shirt of a corpse, your movements sharp and annoyed. This was the part you hated. The mess. This huge, disgusting mess all over you. It was an easy job, but now you were covered in other people's insides. You just wanted to get back to N Corp.'s, shower for an hour, and forget the stench.

You could feel the drying gore on your suit, a tightening, tacky film over your gear. A splatter of something pulpy was drying on your cheek, and you resisted the urge to gag.

"It's done," you said, your voice tight. "Let's go. We have a report to make."

No answer.

You turned, your boot sliding on a slick of congealed crimson, to look for your "partner."

Ryoshu was exactly where you expected him to be.

He stood in the absolute center of the carnage, a single point of stillness in a room dedicated to chaos. His E.G.O. suit, all sharp golden angles and stark black, was splattered with gore, which only seemed to make the red, vein-like accents on his gloves and blade glow brighter. He had a cigarette dangling from his lips, the cherry a tiny, defiant star in the gloom.

He wasn't cleaning his weapon. He wasn't checking for survivors. He was just admiring.

His head was tilted, as if critiquing a painting in a gallery. He took a slow, deliberate step to the left, his boot squelching in a particularly deep puddle, to get a better angle on the man he'd pinned to the wall.

"Ryoshu," you snapped. "I'm not standing around in this filth. We're leaving."

He exhaled a long, lazy plume of smoke. "L.A.I.D.T.S."

He turned, not to leave, but to walk directly, unhurriedly, towards you. He moved with that infuriating, free-spirited grace, as if he were taking a stroll, not wading through a mass grave.

"Look at it," he murmured, his voice a low rasp. He stopped barely an inch from you, forcing you to lean your head back slightly. He was taller by just a little bit and he used every bit of it to loom. "We made this. Together."

"It's a disgusting mess," you spat, trying to lean away, but he was everywhere—the smell of his cig especially.

He smiled. It wasn't a pleasant sight. "No. You're not seeing it." He took another long, slow drag from his cigarette, his eyes—shining with that euphoric, post-battle gleam—locked on yours. And then, with agonizing slowness, he leaned in and exhaled the entire lungful of smoke directly into your face.

You recoiled, coughing, your eyes watering instantly. "Gah—! What the hell is wrong with you?" you snapped, shoving at his chest.

He hardly stepped back. He just smiled—a thin, cruel line on his lips. "The problem... is your gaze," he whispered. "I.S.E.E."

"It's nothing but guts, you freak!" you spit, facially waving most of the smoke out. "It's filth! It's not art!"

"You played a part, did you not?" he murmured. His eyes scanned your face, lingering on the splatter drying on your cheek. "So arrogant. You think you're above the medium."

Before you could react, his black-gloved hand shot out. He didn't grab your shoulder. He didn't grab your arm. He wrapped his fingers in your hair, clamped his other hand over the back of your skull, and forced your head to the side, yanking you down slightly to look closer.

It was a woman, or had been. Her head was twisted at an impossible angle, her eyes wide, and her jaw... her jaw was gone, replaced by a red ruin.

"This," he whispered, his hot, smoky breath ghosting against your ear, "This was your contribution. The angle of the cut. The image it creates. Y.D.T."

His grip hurt. The arrogance, that casual, brutal lack of tact, you couldn’t stand it.

"Get your fucking hands off me!"

You exploded. With all your strength, you twisted, slamming both your hands, hard, against the angular gold plates of his chest.

It was enough to break his grip. You were panting, glaring, your whole body coiled. Your scalp ached where he'd grabbed you.

Ryoshu simply straightened his suit, brushing an invisible piece of lint from the bloodstain on his chest. He took a final, long drag from his cigarette, then dropped it to the floor, crushing it out in a pool of blood with his boot.

He just... looked at you. That euphoric gleam was still there, but now it was fixed entirely on you. He wasn't looking at the gore anymore. He was looking at the pure, undiluted anger in your eyes.

And he was savoring it.

"Hah..." he huffed, a small, genuine laugh. "There it is. That contemptuous gaze, I wish you would always look at me like that.”

Dropping his hand to the handle of his sword he took a step forwards towards you.

You flinched, your body bracing for your own weapon, prepared to

meet his if you had to. You were a coiled spring, ready to shove, to strike, to do anything to keep him off you.

And he just… walked past.

His shoulder brushed yours, a dismissive, solid impact that smeared fresh, viscous blood from his E.G.O. gear onto your own. He didn't even look at you. He just sauntered back to the center of the room and resumed his placid observation of the carnage.

The adrenaline, with nowhere to go, curdled into pure, shaking rage. He's just toying with you. That whole "canvas" bullshit was just another one of his games, designed to get that reaction from you, to see you squirm.

You stared at his back, at the stupid, sheathed ōdachi he never even used. "Just finish your sick fucking ritual and get to the car," you spat. Your voice was trembling. "I'm not waiting all night."

He gave no sign he'd heard you, save for a slight, mocking tilt of his head.

Fine. Let him rot in here. You turned and stomped out of the den, your boots making sickening, sticky sounds on the gore-slicked floor.

You stormed out of the exit you both came through, bursting into the not so fresh air of the Backstreets. It was marginally better than the slaughterhouse perfume inside.

You stalked to the parked N Corp. vehicle, a standard, unremarkable black car, and yanked a utility rag from the trunk. You spent five minutes aggressively scrubbing at your suit and face, but the blood had already begun to stain. It was useless. You were just smearing the filth around.

You were fuming, scrubbing at your skin hard enough to chafe it raw. The bastard always knew exactly how to… FUCK.

With a curse, you threw the rag to the pavement, wrenched open the driver's-side door, and slid inside. The clean upholstery felt like a violation against your soiled suit. You slammed the door, plunging the cabin into silence, and jammed the key into the ignition. You were already inputting the return coordinates on the console, your fingers flying over the screen, when the passenger door swung open.

You didn't even look. You just heard him. He didn't bother wiping

anything off. He slumped into the passenger seat, a grotesque figure in your peripherals of gold, black, and crimson. You heard the squelch of the bloody suit pressing against the seat.

You turned the key into the ignition, wanting nothing more than to just go. The engine turned over with a quiet hum.

Click-hsssss.

A tiny, bright orange light flared in the side of your vision.

Ryoshu had propped up his glasses over his bangs, his intense face illuminated by the flame of a lighter. He touched it to the end of a fresh cigarette and inhaled, his eyes closing for a brief, second.

He exhaled.

A thick, gray-white cloud of smoke instantly filled the cabin. It had nowhere to go. The windows were all rolled up, the A/C not yet on. The tobacco smoke, sharp and stinging, mixed with the charnel-house stench he'd brought in, creating a new, uniquely vile smell right in the car.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" you choked out, waving a hand in front of your face.

Ryoshu just stared straight ahead, as if you weren't there, and took another long, slow drag.

"Ryoshu. Crack a window, you asshole. I'm not breathing that."

He ignored you. The smoke was already making you dizzy with rage. You were trying to do anything to just ignore him, even something simple as looking outside was interrupted by your vision blurring.

"I mean it!" you snapped, slamming your hand into the console. "Put it out, or get out. I'm not going anywhere while you sit there stinking up the car and smoking us out like a pair of rats."

He turned his head, slowly. That infuriating, placid, gaze was in his eyes. He looked at you, then at the cigarette. He smiled, a tiny, unreadable smirk.

"Tsk," he breathed, and the sound was 100% pure apathy. "C.A.I.Y.F.B."

"I'm not fragile, I just don't want to smell your garbage!" you yelled.

"Put. It. Out. Now."

He looked at the glowing cherry of the cigarette, then back at you. His eyes were gleaming with that look again—the one that saw you as an interesting, squirming bug.

With a motion so fast you almost missed it, he flicked it.

The lit cigarette flew across the small space, a tiny orange comet, and hit you square in the chest. It slid off the damp fabric of your suit and bounced into your lap, a spray of hot embers scattering across your legs. A sharp, stinging pain flared on your skin where the cherry had briefly touched.

You looked down at the smoldering cigarette in your lap.

Fuck it.

You weren't paid to take shit from him. Letting out a red-hot, animalistic noise you lunged across the center console.

You grabbed the front of his E.G.O. suit, your fingers finding purchase on a strap, and you hauled yourself over. Your other hand, balled into a fist, drew back and slammed straight into his face.

There was a solid, wet crunch.

You felt the cartilage of his nose give under your knuckles, felt his jaw knock sideways. The impact sent a jolt of painful, exquisite satisfaction up your entire arm.

He grunted, a sharp oof of air forced from his lungs. His head snapped back against the passenger-side window with a heavy thud.

For one, perfect second, there was silence. He was stunned. You were breathing like a bellows, perched over him, your fist still drawn back.

Then, he blinked. A small trickle of blood began to seep from his left nostril. He licked his lips, tasting the blood from a cut your punch had opened.

And he smiled.

It was a wide, ecstatic, bloody-toothed grin. This was it. This was exactly what he wanted.

"Hah..." he breathed, the laugh bubbling with blood. "Y.H.L.A.G."

His fist, clad in a black glove, shot up from below. You didn't even see it. It connected with your jaw with the force of a piston, and your world exploded in a constellation of white stars.

Your head smashed into the roof of the car, and you fell back, dazed, into the driver's seat. But he was on you. Swinging a leg over the console, trapping you.

"You fucking psycho!" you shrieked, clawing at his face, trying to get your fingers into his eyes.

He raised his fist again. You twisted, kicking out, your boot slamming into the glove compartment, cracking the plastic.

"I'll kill you!" you spat, trying to knee him, but the space was too tight.

"T.R.Y." he snarled, and his fist came down again, missing your face, barely clipping the side of your neck.

You twisted under him, a violent, thrashing motion, using the cramped driver's seat for leverage. Your elbow, finding a gap in the intricate design, slammed hard into his ribs.

He let out a sharp, pained grunt, and his grip on you loosened for a fraction of a second. It was all you needed.

You shot upwards, shoving his weight off you, and slammed your forehead into his face—right into his already broken, bleeding nose.

"GGNH!" he winced, a genuine, non-abbreviated sound of agony, and he recoiled, his hand flying to his face. Blood, bright and fresh, gushed between his fingers.

"I fucking HATE YOU!" you screamed, the words raw in your throat. You didn't give him a second. You grabbed the back of his head and smashed his face down into the steering wheel. The horn blared, a long, pathetic, discordant sound in the alley.

He came back up, his face a mask of his own blood, and his eyes... oh, his eyes were shining. He was in pain, yes—his nose was gushing a fountain, his lip split—but he looked ecstatic. He was having the time of his life.

"Don’t tell me that’s everything?”, he gasped, and a bloody-toothed grin split his face.

"Shut up! Shut up!" You punched him again, a sloppy, furious hook that glanced off the sharp, angular sleeve on his shoulder, your knuckles screaming in protest.

He lunched back with just as much effort.

It wasn't a fight. It was a tangle. A hot, wet, bloody knot of limbs and suits in a space too small for two stray cats. You were both throwing punches, but the E.G.O. suits were cumbersome, all sharp angles and unyielding plates. Your fists thudded against gold metal, his against your own gear, jarring your bones but doing no real damage. It was a frustrating, scraping, clumsy brawl.

You were kicking, your legs trapped under the steering column, as he tried to pin your arms. He was grunting with effort, no longer just playing. This was real. You were matching him. Without his damned sword, he was just a man. You weren't just gonna let him do whatever the fuck he wanted.

You slammed your palm against his ear, and he cringed, slamming you in the chest, driving the air from your lungs.

"Just... get off... you freak!" you wheezed, trying to get a hold, your gloved fingers slipping on the blood-slicked plates of his suit.

He was on top of you, his weight pressing you into the seat. He was so close his bloody hair was brushing your forehead.

"Not... yet..." he panted, his eyes boring into yours. "We have so much more to do."

His hand, the one not pinning your shoulder, snaked down. It wasn't a grope; he was… searching? His fingers brushed past your hip, fumbling at your belt. You thought... what is he...

And then his hand was on the hilt of the knife sheathed on your side.

Your blood ran cold. "Hey—!"

He ripped it free. The blade, a half foot of serrated steel, flashed in the dim cabin light. He raised it, his face showing nothing but pure intent, he would actually kill you.

You shrieked, a high, panicked sound, and twisted your whole body with a desperate strength.

SHUNK.

The blade slammed down, burying itself deep into the leather of the passenger seat violently. Right where your head had been a second before. It was so close you felt the hiss of it passing your ear.

You were both frozen, breathing like you'd just run a marathon. Staring at the hilt of the knife, quivering, embedded in the seat between you.

Then the fight for the blade began.

It wasn't about punches anymore. It was about that. You both lunged for the hilt at the same time. Your hands clamped down on his, his on yours. It was a sweaty, bloody, desperate grapple. You were chest-to-chest, slick with gore and sweat, hips grinding against each other for leverage, muscles straining.

It was foul. It was base. It was the most intimate you had ever been. His hot, bloody, tobacco-laced breath puffed against your lips. You could feel the frantic, heavy thump of his heart against your own.

"It's... mine..." you grunted, trying to twist his wrist, to break his grip.

"T.Y.D.F.I." he snarled, and he bit you. His teeth clamped down, hard, on your shoulder, right on the fabric at your collar.

You screamed in pain and fury, and with a surge of adrenaline, you wrenched the knife free. The blade ripped out of the seat with a sound like a wet cough.

You had it.

You raised it, not to his head, but to his chest, and plunged it down.

He squirmed out of your hold just barely. The angular pieces of his suit deflected the main thrust, the blade screeching as it skidded off the metal. But you were too close. The tip found purchase, sinking—not deep, maybe an inch—into the soft, unarmored space of his lower abdomen, just above his belt.

He let out a sharp, choked gasp. A real one.

You both froze again. You stared at the knife, still in your hand, sticking out of him. He looked down, his eyes wide, not with pain, but with... surprise. A dark, new stain of blood began to bloom on his

black undersuit.

He looked back up at you. And he... he looked delighted.

"Ah..." he breathed, his voice a reverent whisper. "P.E.R."

Before you could react, his knee slammed up, hard, into your sternum. The air left your body in a painful whoosh and the stars were back. He used your dazed, winded state, leveraging your own weight against you, and with a single, brutal twist, he flipped you.

CRUNCH.

Your head hit the center console, and your back was slammed against the passenger door. He was on top of you now, straddling your hips, pinning you completely. The knife was still in your hand, but your arm was trapped at a bad angle.

"This... fucking... suit!" you choked out, still fighting, still trying to get the knife into a position to stab him. The bulky E.G.O. plates were digging into you, and yours were digging into him. You couldn't move. He couldn't get a clean angle to hit you.

He snarled, not at you, but at the gear. He grabbed the front of your suit, not to hit, but to rip. His gloved fingers found a clasp at your shoulder, and he tore at it.

"Annoying…" he grunted.

It wasn't even hot. He was trying to get this shit out of the way so he could hurt you properly. The act was so violent, so charged with pure, functional hatred, that it sent a bizarre, filthy jolt through you.

You reacted in kind. "You... first!" you spat, dropping the knife inside the car, your trapped hand now free. You reached up, grabbing the jagged, golden collar of his own suit, and pulled.

You were both tearing at each other's armor now, a frantic, desperate, hateful stripping. Clasps popped, straps were ripped, and pieces of the intricate, bloody gear were shed and thrown into whatever parts of the car were open. It was a fight within the fight, to get to the raw, vulnerable skin underneath.

It was the frantic, hateful sound of clang and rip and snap as you both tore at the cumbersome, blood-slicked E.G.O. gear. You weren't trying to be gentle; you were trying to get to the meat underneath.

Every jagged golden pieces of Ryoshu's suit you could peel off, thrown, clattering into the footwell. He did the same to you, his hands rough, ripping at the clasps on your chest, his knuckles grazing your skin.

In seconds, the cramped car was a heap of various armor and fabric, and you were both left in what remained of your black N Corp. uniform undershirts.

And it was worse.

Before, there was metal. Now, there was just... skin. Soaked, steaming skin. The car was a pressure cooker, the windows fogging over from the sheer, animal heat of your bodies. You were still pinned, he was still on top, and now there was nothing between you. Your clothes were torn, stained with blood and sweat. Your bare, frantic hands were on his wet, overheated skin, and his were on yours.

He was panting, his chest heaving, a string of bloody saliva connecting his lip to his chin. His broken nose was a mess, and blood dripped from it, splattering, onto your face, your neck. He didn't blink. He just stared down at you, his eyes, those awful eyes, burning with a feverish, analytical gleam.

"Hah... hah..." he panted, his hot breath—blood and tobacco—washing over you. "This... this... look..."

You were glaring up at him with every ounce of pure, unadulterated loathing you possessed.

"Y.A.S.B." he whispered, and his bloody grin was the most grotesque thing you had ever seen.

"You're fucking sick!" you spat, and the words were laced with his blood.

He laughed, a wet, choking sound. "Art often is."

He renewed his assault, but it was different now. More personal. He shoved his palm, hard, against your face, slamming the side of your head into the passenger-side window. The thud was dull, and the glass was cool and wet against your cheek. He used his other hand to pin your wrist above your head, his strength still quite formidable.

His advantage was clear. He was on top and he had you trapped. Your legs were tangled with his, and in your desperate, thrashing attempt

to kick him, you'd only managed to get them wrapped around his waist, your ankles locked behind him. It was a position of leverage, but it was also one of obscene, stomach-churning intimacy.

You could feel his hips, the hard line of his belt, grinding against you with every tiny, struggling movement. He was pinning you, you were locking him in, and it was—

"Get... off... me!" you grunted, pushing at his chest. But he was solid, a heavy, panting weight.

You were trapped. Your right arm was pinned, your legs were locked. Your left arm was free, but twisted, pressed between your body and the center console. You clawed, your fingers scratching desperately at anything. Your nails found a small latch.

Click.

The glovebox fell open.

You didn't look. You plunged your hand inside, your mind screaming for a weapon, a tool, anything. Your fingers closed around... paper.

Just... fucking... paper.

A stack of old N Corp. requisition forms and crumpled mission reports.

You yelled in pure frustration, grabbed the entire handful of junk, and shoved it, hard, up into his smug, bloody face.

"Ngh!" he sputtered, surprised by the sheer, pathetic absurdity of the attack. Paper went everywhere, a blizzard of white in the car. He recoiled, his head jerking back, his hand coming up to shield his eyes.

It was the only opening you were going to get.

You unhooked your ankles. You drew your right leg up, your knee slamming into his stomach, and then you used the leverage of your other leg, still trapped under him, to kick. You put everything you had into it. Your heel, a solid, vicious blow, connected perfectly with his jaw.

There was a loud, wet crack as his teeth snapped together.

His head snapped back, and the sheer, unexpected force of the blow, combined with his already unstable position straddling the console, sent him back, crashing hard into the back bench seat.

A split-second later, you were scrambling over the center console yourself, a rabid animal after wounded prey. You landed hard on top of him, straddling his lap, your knees pinning his arms to the seat. He was dazed, his head lolling, blood trickling from his mouth.

You were on top. You were in control. You were going to end this.

Your eyes darted around for a weapon. The knife was lost on the floor mats up front. But his...

His ōdachi, the string which must have been ripped from his back in the brawl, was lying on the floor in the back. The long, ribbon-wrapped sheath was right by your foot.

You grabbed it. It was heavy, solid.

You didn't bother with the hilt. You didn't try to unsheathe it. You raised the entire, heavy, sheathed weapon, turned it sideways, and slammed it down against his throat.

You put all your weight, your rage, your entire being, into that one focal point. You leaned, using the long, flat side of the sheath as a garrote, pressing it down into his windpipe, crushing it against the car seat.

He made a sound. A horrific, gagging, choking gurgle.

His eyes flew open. They were wide. Panicked. Real panic.

His hands, now free, flew up, grabbing the sheath, trying to pull it away. But you were on his lap, a solid, immovable weight, your position superior. His struggling just made your teeth grit harder.

"How... do you like it?!" you snarled, leaning in, your face inches from his, putting more pressure. "How does this 'art' feel, huh?!"

He was choking. He was dying. His face was turning a deep, mottled, agonizing red. His fingers were slipping on the smooth sheath. He was bucking beneath you, trying to throw you off, but you were locked in place.

And then, through the blind haze of your rage, you felt it.

You were sitting directly on his lap. And underneath you... against the junction of your thighs, pressed insistently against your body through the layers of your torn, wet pants... he was hard.

Hard as a fucking rock.

You froze. Your blood ran cold, then hot, then cold again.

You looked at his face. He was choking, yes. He was struggling for air, yes. But his eyes... oh, god. His eyes, bulging, tear-filled, were shining. They were locked on yours, and they were filled with a pure, ecstatic, adoring... rapture.

He was loving this. He was getting off on you, hissing in his face, your legs on either side of his hips, your body pressing him down as you fucking murdered him.

He... he gurgled. He was trying to speak.

A choked, wet, rasping sound came from his throat, around the suffocating pressure of the sheath.

"... Hhh... C…A.H... heh"

He was still making his stupid, fucking... comments. He was dying, he was hard, and he was critiquing it.

It made you want to vomit.

The temptation to finish it... god, it was sweet. To just lean your weight forward a few more inches, to hear that final, wet crunch of cartilage giving way.

But then the face of Director Hermann flashed in your mind. You could practically hear the reprimand you would be given.

Dammit.

With a snarl of pure frustration, you released the pressure. You tossed the heavy sheath aside; it clattered loudly against the back door, a dull, metallic sound.

Ryoshu collapsed back against the seat, his chest heaving. He sucked in air in greedy, desperate, ragged gulps. The wheezing sounded like a broken bellows. He coughed, a spray of red misting the air, his hand coming up to massage his bruised throat.

For a moment, there was just the sound of his wet, rasping breath and the pounding of your own heart in your ears.

Then, he looked up at you.

He was a ruin. His nose was leaking blood onto his chin. His lip was split. His black dress shirt was soaked through with sweat and blood, clinging to his frame. But his eyes... those red, bright eyes were dancing. He looked up at you from beneath his messy, damp bangs with a look of such infuriating, riveted focus that it made your blood boil hotter than the fighting ever did.

"Tsk..." he rasped, his voice a wrecked whisper. He licked the blood from his teeth, grinning. "H.L.C."

He was mocking you. He was breathless, beaten, and pinned, and he was still looking down on you.

"Shut. The. fuck. Up."

You didn't punch him. You reached down, grabbed the knot of his blood-spattered black tie, and yanked him upwards. His head snapped forward, his eyes widening for a fraction of a second before you crashed your mouth onto his.

It was the violent meeting of two high-speed trains. You mashed your lips against his cut ones, grinding your teeth against his. There was no tenderness, no romance. It was a continuation of the brawl by other means. You bit at his lower lip, trying to hurt him, trying to taste the copper and the smoke.

Ryoshu didn't pull away. He followed through. He made a low, guttural noise in his throat—half-groan, half-growl—and met your aggression with his own. His tongue forced its way into your mouth, slick and tasting of iron, wrestling with yours for dominance. It was sloppy, wet, and frantic.

His hands, no longer pinned, roamed over you with bruising force. He gripped your hips, his fingers digging into the bruised flesh, before sliding down heavy, to grab your ass. He squeezed, hard, his nails digging in through the fabric of your pants, pulling you grindingly deeper into his lap. You could feel the heat of him, the hardness of him twitching against you with every rough movement.

He was devouring you, and you were letting him, hate-fucking his mouth with a desperation that terrified you.

Then, he got greedy. He clamped his teeth down on your lower lip—hard. Too hard. A sharp, stinging puncture that drew fresh blood.

"Ow! Fuck!"

You jerked your head back, breaking the kiss with a wet smack. You were panting, your lips throbbing, staring down at his blood-smeared, savage grin.

"Too rough?" he taunted, his voice barely a whisper, his eyes half-lidded and hazy with lust. "Didn’t know you were so weak."

You didn't answer. You looked down at his chest, at the barrier of his soaked shirt. You hated that shirt. You hated him. You wanted to see the damage. You wanted to own it.

You grabbed the collar of his shirt with both hands. You didn't bother with the buttons. You just ripped.

Pop-pop-pop.

Tiny black buttons flew like shrapnel, pinging off the windows and the dashboard. The fabric tore with a satisfying, shredding sound, exposing him to the cool, stagnant air of the car.

And there he was.

His chest was a canvas of violence. On the left, the angry, mottled, shiny tissue of the burn scars stretched across his ribs and up his shoulder. And across his chest, the faint, horizontal lines of his top scars, pale against the flushed skin, bisecting the muscle. It was a landscape of pain, old and new, now decorated with the fresh, blooming bruises from your fight.

It was disgusting. It was mesmerizing.

You didn't think. You dropped your head and buried your face in his chest.

"Mmph—!" Ryoshu gasped, his back arching off the seat as your hot, wet tongue dragged directly over the sensory-rich scar tissue of his chest.

You licked him like a starving dog. You dragged your tongue along the ridge of the mastectomy scar, tasting the salt of his sweat and the tang of the blood that had dripped down from his nose. You kissed the burned skin, your lips moving feverishly over the rough, damaged texture.

It wasn't gentle. You were biting, sucking, marking him. You wanted to leave a stain on him that wouldn't wash off.

"Hah..." Ryoshu's head fell back against the seat, his hands coming up to tangle violently in your hair. He gripped your skull, not pushing you away, but forcing you down, grinding your face harder against his chest. "Yes... T.I.I. paint... me..."

He was trembling beneath you. The combination of the asphyxiation, the pain, and this sudden, fervent worship of his most ruined parts was driving him over the edge. You could feel his heart hammering against your lips, a frantic, erratic bird trapped in a cage of bone and scar tissue.

"You like this?" you murmured against his skin, your voice vibrating against his ribs. You bit down on the edge of his burn scar, hard enough to leave a mark. "You like being fucking insufferable?"

“G.R.A.C.E.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Sighhhhhhh fuck you bri ✌

The logic in your head was completely fractured at this point, the fuck did you even care? You had told yourself this was about dominance. You told yourself that if you were gonna forced to be the canvas for this sick art of his, you might as well take the brush and ruin him in return. It wasn't because you liked him—you hated him, hated the way he smelled, hated the way he looked at you like a piece of meat he hadn't finished carving. But the heat in the car was stifling, and the friction of your bodies was...

"If you're so obsessed with 'experience,'" you hissed against his skin, your fingers fumbling blindly with his belt buckle, "then let's see how much of this you can handle."

Clink. The heavy buckle gave way. You made quick, violent work of the zipper, the sound sharp in the quiet, panting cabin.

You reached inside, your hand closing around him. He was leaking, arousingly so, the length of his dick warm and pulsing against your palm. He was already fully, hard too, a testament to just how much he'd enjoyed the choking and the blood. You started to stroke him, your grip tight and unforgiving, a deliberate challenge.

Ryoshu let out a long, shuddering hiss of air through his teeth. His head thrashed back against the leather seat, his eyes snapping shut as his fingers dug bruises into your scalp.

"Hah... S.S.A." he managed to rasp, his voice dripping with that unbearable, condescending smugness even as his hips bucked upward into your hand. "You... hold me like... you want to... break it. Good."

"Shut up, Ryoshu. Please just shut the fuck up and take it," you growled. You leaned down again, your mouth finding one of the pale, flat scars on his chest. You licked it slowly, long and drawn out before biting down on the sensitive tissue near his armpit.

At the same time, your hand moved faster, your thumb sliding over the bead of pre at his tip, smearing it down the length of him. You were systematic, brutal, using your grip to force those choked,

pathetic sounds out of his throat.

But Ryoshu wasn't content to just lie there. One of his hands let go of your hair, sliding down your back in a rough, possessive trail. He didn't care about the buttons on your pants any more than you'd cared about his shirt. His hand dove straight down the front of them, his calloused, blood-stained fingers finding your own heat quickly.

"You're... just as... messy... as the... den," he whispered, leaning up to nip at your earlobe. His hand cupped you firmly, his thumb starting a rhythmic, torturous friction against you that made your knees go weak. "A.D.P. You claim to... loathe the gore... but you're... dripping for... the butcher."

"Nngh—!" you gasped, your rhythm with your hand faltering for a second as he hit a particularly sensitive spot. You leaned back, your eyes locking with his. Both of you were a disaster—sweat-soaked hair, faces smeared with dried blood and fresh saliva, clothes ruined.

"I know," he smiled, and it was the most beautiful, hateful thing you'd ever seen. "H.I.L."

He started to work you in earnest, his fingers slicking themselves with your own arousal as he pumped you in a mirror of your own movements. You were both breathing the same stale, overheated air, your chests bumping together with every frantic heartbeat. You leaned down, your mouth finding his again, but this time it wasn't a fight—it was a frantic, mutual consumption. You tasted the blood from his split lip, the salt on his skin, while your hands worked in a feverish, desperate blur.

You increased the pressure on him, your thumb circling his head with a punishing speed that had him gasping into your mouth. You could feel the tension in his thighs, the way his whole body was coiling like a spring, ready to snap. The smell of sex was thick now, overwhelming the scent of the cigarette smoke, turning the cramped back seat into a private, filthy sanctuary.

"Don't you... dare... look away," Ryoshu commanded, his hand on you becoming a blur of friction that had you seeing stars. He forced your chin up, making you look into his dark, wide-blown pupils as the end neared.

The windows of the transport were entirely opaque now, a thick, milky fog of steam sealing the two of you into a world to yourselves.

You were beyond the point of justifying it. Your hands were a blur, your knuckles occasionally rapping against the leather of the seat. Your bare chests were slammed together, the sweat acting as a slick lubricant as you ground your skin against his—feeling every ridge of those scars, every rough patch of his burns, and the rising heat of the bruises you had personally delivered.

"Look... at us..." Ryoshu hissed, his voice a shredded wreck of its former self. He had his legs hooked over yours, pulling you so deep into him that you were practically one entity. His hands were everywhere—one buried in your hair, pulling your head back to expose your throat, the other working you just as hard. "A... perfect... C.O.L..."

"Shut up," you gasped, your breath hitching as his thumb caught the underside of your head. You leaned forward, burying your face in the crook of his neck, biting the flesh there until you tasted blood again. "I... hate... how you... talk..."

"Hah... Y.D.N." he countered, his hips thrusting up with a violent, heavy force. "It's almost hysterical how you try to interpret it any other way."

The tension reached a screaming, agonizing pitch. The cramped back seat felt like it was shrinking, the air becoming too thick to actually breathe. You were both slippery with sweat and the drying blood of the syndicate members, a foul, beautiful mess of N Corp.'s finest. You felt the muscles in his thighs turn hard beneath you, his fingers tightening in your hair until it was a sharp, grounding pain.

"Now," he groaned, a deep sound that vibrated through your chest. "F.I.N..."

It hit you both at once—a sudden, violent shattering of the world.

You threw your head back, a loud, choked cry escaping your throat as your body buckled. At the same moment, Ryoshu's back arched off the seat, a sharp, ragged gasp tearing from his lungs as he came, his grip on you becoming a crushing, desperate anchor. You felt the hot, pulsing feeling of his release against your hand, and your own gushed out, coating his stomach and your tangled fingers.

The shaking was uncontrollable. For a long, breathless minute, you both just pressed into each other, hearts hammering like frantic drums against ribs, limbs trembling from the sheer, kinetic overload of the fight and the finish.

Slowly, the world began to settle. The adrenaline ebbed, leaving behind a heavy, leaden exhaustion.

You slumped forward, your forehead resting on his shoulder, your breath coming in long, shuddering draws. Ryoshu didn't push you off. He stayed limp beneath you, his arms draped loosely around your waist, his head lolling back against the headrest. The only sound in the car was the ticking of the cooling engine and the slow, rhythmic drip of something—blood, sweat, or other—hitting the floor mat.

The silence was heavy, but no longer hostile. It was the silence of a finished canvas.

Ryoshu’s chest rose and fell in a slow, pressed rhythm. He turned his head slightly, his eyes catching yours in the dim light. A small, bloody smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth.

"Hah..." he whispered, the sound barely audible. "M.O.D."

You closed your eyes, too tired to even snap back. You just stayed there, a disgusting, arrogant, beautiful mess, draped over the one person you hated most in the City, waiting for the windows to clear.

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